[Written for THE HUB.]

Massachusetts.

BY ELIJAH W. SMITH.

She rises in her might; her eyes
Flash forth their lightnings o'er the skies,
And winds she now her bugle horn.
Her brow, as glorious as the morn
And open as the ocean wide,
Flushes with conscious strength and pride!

We hear thy summons. Thou whose arm
Was stretched to shelter us from harm;
And when thine honor and thy fame
Are threatened by the breath of shame,
From Truro's sand to Berkshire's hill
We stand obedient to thy will.

When we forget thee, noble State,
Then shall sweet love be turned to hate;
Turbid the crystal waves that flow
Where the eternal summers glow;
The sun and stars forget to shine,
When we are false to thee and thine.

Where e'er is heard the cry of pain,
Where e'er the captive sighs in vain,
Where e'er the earth hath failed to yield,
The tribute of the vine and field,
Her protest loud, her generous hand
Spreads peace and plenty o'er the land.

O, peerless State, whose spotless robe
Hath been the wonder of the globe,
What hand shall dare, upon thy brow,
To write the word "Deceiver" now?
What finger touch thy jewelled crown,
Bright with a radiance all its own?

Rise, ye who 'mid your groans and sighs,
To Massachusetts turned your eyes:
When yearning heart and whispered prayer
Fought back the billows of despair,
Show to the universe that you
Believe and know her good and true.

"SOUND AN ALARM."

[Reprinted by Request.]

Like a night-wail, evil boding,
Comes a vague, uncertain sound;
'Tis the rumor vile that Mammon
Craves our consecrated ground;
And that gain, mark, not improvement,
Would our Common fair divide,
Striking from her crown the jewel
That has long been Boston's pride.

Doth it seek, with stealthy footsteps,
Now the southern wall's o'erthrown,
Charging 'neath Improvement's banners,
Thus to make the prize its own?
Marring one by one its beauties,
Blighting, covertly, each charm,
To withdraw it, soiled, neglected,
From the people's sheltering arm?

We remember well its glories
Ere the asphalt's withering hand
Wrung the life-blood from its giants,
Laid them prostrate on the sand;
When, beneath its spreading branches,
Stretched like angels wings above,
Rambled we in childhood's hours;
Told our youthful tales of love.

Shall we, for a "mess of pottage,"
Sell, as Esau did of old,
The great birth-right of our children,
Barter precious health for gold?
Shall we soil with bricks and mortar
The bright robe of living green
With which Nature's hand adorned her,
When it crowned her Boston's queen?

Beacon Hill records its protest;
Old Mount Vernon thunders, No!
From the dwellings of the humble,
Where the weary footsteps go;
From the work-shops, when the toilers
Cheer their hours with thoughts of rest,
Peaceful rest, the day's work over,
On the Common's flour-decked breast;

From the North End's crowded hamlets,
That have poured their living tide,
Eager to embrace the Common,
As the lover doth his bride;
Panting for the fragrant breezes,
Swaying branches to and fro,
Shaking out their heaven-born incense,
Comes a loud, indignant No!

Saratoga is a vision,
Fair Cape May is but a dream,
Myth the shores that stretch in beauty
By the Hudson's classic stream;
Naught but wealth may quaff the nectar
California's vineyards yield,
And the poor man's foot ne'er presses
Recreation's blooming field.

On the Common's velvet acres
He must find his rest and ease;
Find his seaside, mountain, valley,
Underneath its sheltering trees;
And his voice, in earnest pleading,
Joins the overwhelming shout,
"From the temple of our fathers,
Drive the money-changers out!"

Be your avenues extended
Until lost in endless space;
Let the elms of Paddock vanish,
Ancient Brattle street give place;
You must hear the solemn warning
From the Old South's hallowed door,
"Faneuil Hall and Boston Common
Shall be sacred evermore!"

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In America as in the world at large, there are not infrequent instances, where genius has shown the power to manifest itself in different members or generations of the same family, and where great natural endowments which have adorned the world in one direction at one time, again shine forth for the edification of mankind in another. Such was the case with the great Adams family in the politics and public service of our country, and with the Beechers and the Fields in the letters, law and pulpit leadership of the land. But in this as in other forms of His beneficence to the children of men, Providence has proved to be no respecter of persons,

"Nature a mother kind alike to all
Still grants her bliss at labor's earnest call,"

no less to the black then to the white race. We must not therefore be surprised to find evidence of this rare endowment of nature showing itself occasionally even in colored families, especially where such families have had the good fortune of long growth and regular development. Notable examples of this have been preserved to us in the Beman family of Connecticut, and again in the Lew family of Massachusetts, members of which were not only musicians in the King Williams and the intervening wars, but are to be found in the musical circles of Boston today. But it is particularly in the Paul family already mentioned herein that the perpetuity of genius has made itself manifest in successive generations. For beside the three great preachers and their children's who became leading teachers of schools in after years, there were two poets James M. Whitfield, and Elijah William Smith grand-son and great-grand-son respectively of the revolutionary soldier Paul who have left their names inscribed high in the annals of fame.

Elijah William Smith was born in Boston Dec. 29th, 1830 at about the juncture of May and George Streets, (Now respectively Revere and west Cedar Sts) and on the spot now occupied by the old Wright's drug store. The place was then the dwelling of his grand parent, the Rev. Thomas Paul, the founder and pastor of St. Paul Baptist Church of Boston, and who himself died only a few months later on in April of the following years. The child was the son of Elijah William and Ann Paul Smith, whose union though formed in spite of parental objections, had finally been approved and the young couple received into the family household. Three other children, Thomas Paul, Susan and John, the first named in fact being the oldest child, were born to the smiths in the course of time and passed much of their younger days at the home of their grandmother under the splendid instruction of their accomplished Aunt, Susan Paul, who was an earnest worker in the antislavery cause. The truth is the two older boys Thomas Paul Smith and our subject, Elijah William Smith passed all their early life in Boston. Thomas Paul Smith in fact came to be one of most promising young men in antislavery Boston both as a writer and speaker, but had the misfortune to take the wrong side in the school controversy of Boston during th

" forties" which lost him his standing among antislavery friends. But it is the younger of the boys Elijah whose career after all proved to be the most serviceable to mankind. besides the excellent teacher, his Aunt Susan, who guided his infantile steps in literature, Elijah became in the course of time an office boy for the Liberator where the talk and writings of those sublimated souls who always gathered there became a part of his daily manna. This same position with the Liberator had been filled by an Uncle of our subject, Thomas Paul, who had left it for the Canaan Academy and finally for Dartmouth College where he was graduated in 1841. Young Smith remained long enough with the Liberator to learn the printer's trade and to become quite an adept with the stick, but left finally to run on the steamboat between Boston and eastern points. In this service the cleverness of our subject won him rapid promotion and in the course of a very short time he became chief steward of the boat.

Our young author ran as steward of a St. John steamer during many of his earlier years until in fact the steamer was destroyed by fire, and the feeling that it had been caused by some of the colored attendants ran so high as to cause a change from colored to white servants on the whole line. But Smith was too resourceful and active to remain idle, or to brood over lost opportunities. After no long time therefore he secured a position as head man in the then recently opened Young's hotel in Boston. That great hostelry which had been opened about the breaking out of the Civil War (in Oct. 1860) and had been running about two years when Elijah W. Smith took charge of the dining room. This proved to be the beginning of a career with out author which, with the exception of a year or so as chief dining room man of Hotel Victoria down at Halifax in the early '70's was destined to be his life position. As head of Young's hotel Mr. Smith formed a wide circle of friends among all classes of people and renewed his old relations with the choir of his church which his service in the east and on the boat had unavoidably severed. It was from this period of our author's life that the best poems were thrown off by his pen. Indeed none of his productions that have been preserved bear an earlier date than the war time. He really became in a way the poet laureate of the antislavery heroes, embalming the memory of each passing warrior in imperishable verse. None of those leaders died between 1865 and 1890 unmissing by the grateful pen of Elijah W. Smith. Thus from the early sixties till the early nineties, a period of some 30 years our Boston poet pursued the noiseless tenor of his way, throwing off ever and anon, some little poetic effusion which found permanent lodgement in the popular mind. Our author was married after his return to Boston to Miss Eliza Riley, a daughter of good old Marm Riley, one of the best known and most active of the colored antislavery workers; and from this happy union were born two daughters (still living) the one the wife of a former, very efficient member of the

City Council, and the other the wife of a successful attorney at law now practicing in Boston.

It ought in fact to be said in this connection that our poet had spent much of his early life in the home of the Rileys. The two families, the Pauls and the Rileys were devoted friends, and when misfortune settled heavily upon the Pauls through the frequent invasions of death into their household, removing not only grandparents but the mother and devoted aunt of the Smiths the children found a friendly haven for a time at the home of Marm Riley. It was her kindly foresight that provided a home for the older boys, and sent the younger children to Pittsburg to live with their father who had contracted a second marriage in that city.. The poet Smith passed the latter years of his career at No. Phillips Court at the West End which was throughout his days the principal section for colored people. Here he gathered a large circle of friends about him. Here his family grew to years of maturity in a moderate home of comfort, and with the privileges and advantages of a library well-stocked with the works and even the pictures of the leading men in antislavery and literature. There were books of colored as well as of white authors and the busts of Palfrey, Gerritt Smith, Sumner Phillips and Garrison with others adorned the library walls. It was at such a home amid such surroundings that our poet saw his latter days go down the vale of years and that the end came on the 7th of Oct. 1895.